



Not Your Kind of People



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Chapter 1 by leo

The old woman looks at him like he's a deer she's just about to shoot. She's chewing slowly, jaw working over the piece of yellow tobacco. Occasionally he sees it slide out from under her lips. She spits it into a tin bucket just off the porch and he flinches as it ricochets off with a 'ping.'

She says, "You from around here?" But he can tell by the way she curls her lip that she already knows the answer.

He shakes his head no.

Chapter 2 by Senecca



"M-my car broke down on the highway," he explained. "I walked all the way down here. May I use your telephone to call a car mechanic?"

The woman snorted with laughter, throwing her head back and slapping her knee. "You talk funny," she said. "You look funny, too."

The man looked down at his outfit indignantly. His shirt was pristine white and his trousers did not have a single wrinkle upon them, despite him having driven for six hours to reach here. But when he caught the lady's eye, he understood what she had meant. He did look funny. This was not New York City.

"I need to call a mechanic," he said quietly.

The lady nodded her head at him and turned around in her recliner chair. "HAROLD!" she called. "CALL THE MECHANIC!"

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Nonchalantly, she turned

place, pretty boy?" she asked,

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